

9/15/68

Dear Cedric,

For several rather intense years I regularly and with some distain proclaimed I am not James Bond, rather am an analyst. Suddenly there was a need for James Bond, and I learned that under the blubber, despite the slowed step and wearier body, indeed I am, and it is gratifying, even with the weight of lengthening years.

Therefore, I am writing to entice you. We lack a Man in Mexico, and I would like very much were you to be that man.

I have a new colleague who has much need for some investigative work (this is a professional fiction for a competent reporter whose essential interest is not a news story) down there. He asked me if I know someone who could do it. I have not yet inquired into the details, but I assume it has to do with four missing days in Oswald's life than could make a novel (I will have at least two from my New Orleans investigations) and quite likely with some CIA types of whom we know.

Aside from your interest, which will, I presume, control, will your work permit? My presumption is that most of this would be in Mexico City. My further presumption is that a reporter is the idea person.

We are getting to the point (I could tell you this is an editorial we, for I say it from my own work alone) where it is safe to talk of a coup d'etat. One of my three unpublished books bears that title, with the tentative subtitle "I Accuse The CMA". I think you might find it gratifying and I assure you that what is at stake is worthwhile and important. It is not just the solution of a crime, even an assassination. Please let me know and I will take it from there. If you cannot or do not want to, can you make a recommendation? Or do you know someone in Mexico City with whom you can work, who you can get to help?

This book wraps the three assassinations ^{today}, contains significant and unpublished proofs and names on the Birmingham church and other atrocities, documents the complicity of federal agencies, and restricts itself to a more narrow approach to the JFK assassination - what was known in advance and was not heeded. It has interesting things, I think, on Bobby. I have hopes that perhaps, belatedly, the black groups may get interested.

That on the autopsy is the hottest yet. The third is "A Citizen's Descent" and is a surgical evisceration of Mark Lane, written not in vengeance but so that the rest of us can survive him. It is hasty, hot and I think, not having read it and having written it in three days, a return to an ancient aspect of letters, very personal writing. He is, without doubt, the most wretched parody of a human I have ever met. A measure of his total lack of integrity is, in addition to what you know, his failure to mention Sally at all, although it is she to whom he is indebted for his wealth and fame. He even takes credit for what she did for him. He has done the impossible, defamed the media and libelled publishers.

If you want anything on Dies and the book you said you were writing, let me know. I'll find time.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg